

P S

635

Z9H178

PRICE,

15 CENTS.



The Scrubtown Sewing Circle's Thanksgiving



DICK & FITZGERALD, Publishers,
NEW YORK.

LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS



Class PS 635

Book Z9 H178

Copyright N° _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT

THE SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING

An Old Ladies' Sociable

BY

MAUDE L. HALL

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY DICK & FITZGERALD



NEW YORK
DICK & FITZGERALD
18 ANN STREET

PS 635
Z9 H 178

THE SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING.



CHARACTERS.

MRS. TATTLE.....*A widow. President of the Society*
MARY ANN GREEN.....*An old maid. Secretary*
GRANNY NODDLE*A deaf old Lady*
BETSEY NODDLE.....*Granny's Granddaughter*
MRS. GOSSIP.....*The hostess*
PERCILLA PRIMP.....*A new member*

LOCALITY.—The Village of Scrubtown, N. H.

TIME OF REPRESENTATION—About thirty-five minutes.

NOTE :—Additional time may be filled out by the introduction of songs and recitations suitable for the performers.

COSTUMES.

GRANNY. Old, deaf and feeble. Dark calico dress, white handkerchief pinned around her shoulders. Close-fitting lace cap with ends. Hair gray. Spectacles. Black mittens. Cane. Knitting.

BETSEY. Old-fashioned dark calico gown. White mittens.

MRS. TATTLE. Black gown and mittens.

MARY ANN. Any old style. Hair in a knot at top of head, corkscrew on each side.

MRS. GOSSIP. Any old-fashioned house dress.

PERCILLA. Gaudy-colored calico gown. Large common finger rings, chain, locket, etc.

TMP 96-006553

© C.I.D. 17968

THE SCRUBTOWN SEWING CIRCLE'S THANKSGIVING.

SCENE.—*A quiet country parlor. Mrs. TATTLE, the president, seated at left of stage. MARY ANN, the secretary, seated at small table in front of the president. The four others on chairs diagonally at right of stage, BETSEY in front, GRANNY next. All have sewing or knitting in their hands except the president, and are talking energetically.*

MRS. TATTLE (*rising*). This here society will now please come to order.

(*The hubbub slackens, but two or three persist in disputing.*)

MRS. T. (*stampings with foot*). ORDER! ORDER! (ALL silent) The first thing on the program will be the readin' of the minutes of last meetin'. The sec'etary will please read the minutes.

MARY ANN GREEN (*rises, blows her nose loudly, clears her throat, then reads*). Minutes of Scrubtown Sewin' Circle, Nov. 22nd, 1909. Meetin' held at Mrs. Tattle's home; called to order by the president. Minutes of last meetin' read and improved.

GRANNY. Moved! Who's moved?

BETSEY (*in a loud whisper*). Hush! Granny, she said improved.

GRANNY. Oh! she did, eh?

MISS GREEN (*glares at GRANNY, then goes on*). It was moved by Miss Percilla Primp, that seein' as how the new minister had just lost his wife, that we make him a donation party, to help him in the care of his poor, little, orphan children, and that the secretary be appointed to take note of the proceedings and report at next meetin'. The motion was seconded by Mrs. Gossip, and was adopted by the society.

4 The Scrubtown Sewing Circle's Thanksgiving.

GRANNY. Yes, we should have more piety in our meetin's. Now, when I was young and belonged to the Pumpkin Ridge Sewin' Circle, we was awful pious. - We—

BETSEY. Hush! Granny!

GRANNY (*holding hand to ear*). Hey! Ye'll have ter talk a leetle louder. My hearin' ain't nigh so good as it was fifty years ago.

BETSEY. She said society. Not piety.

GRANNY. Oh! she did, eh?

MISS GREEN (*frowning*). It was further decided by this honorable society, that as the next meetin' would fall on Thanksgivin' Day, that we each tell what we have ter be thankful for; as it would help us ter have a better spirit of gratitude toward our Maker and each other. After our usual sewin' was finished, and we had eat, we decided, that as there was no further business to come before the society, we would adjourn until Thanksgivin', to meet at Mrs. Gossip's house. (*Sits*)

MRS. TATTLE. If no one has no fault to find with these here minutes they will stand as read. (*Waits a moment*) Well as we all seem to think they are correct, they will stand improved. The first business this evening will be to hear our secretary's report of the Donation party.

MISS GREEN (*rises and reads from paper*). Havin' been appointed to report the proceedings at the Donation party, I beg to submit that we all met at the time appointed at the Minister's house, an' seein' his recent bereavement, we offered him our condolences, and assured him that anyone of us would be rejoiced to be a mother to his little ones. The donations were various. Granny Noddle had got the idea that it was to be a weddin', an' she brought an old slipper and a bag of rice. Betsey brought a quart tin of lard. Mrs. Gossip, a pillowsham. Persilla had persuaded Mr. Fitzpatrick to hand the minister two dollars, for her weddin' fee in advance. Mrs. Tattle brought three pairs of her dead and gone husband's stockings, of her own knitting, and a hank of yarn to darn the holes in 'em.

MRS. TATTLE. I'm sure the Minister must have been thankful. But Mary Ann, you have forgotten to name *your* gift.

PERCILLA. Not much! Nary forget! She laid on the table a paper of hair-pins, ha! ha!

MARY ANN. It's not to laugh. They will come in handy for his next.

PERCILLA. Wouldn't you like the chance to claim 'em?

MARY ANN. You old cat!

MRS. TATTLE. Girls! Girls! For shaine!

GRANNY (*explosively*). What's that? What did you say, Mary Ann?

MARY ANN. Oh! Nothing particular.

GRANNY. Tickle her? Tickle who?

BETSEY. She said, *nothing particular*.

GRANNY. Oh! She did, eh?

MRS. TATTLE. The next thing in order will be to hear the testimonies of thanks. Mrs. Gossip, as ye are the hostess, we will hear from you first.

MRS. GOSSIP (*talking through her nose and in a drawling tone*). Wal, Miss President, I ain't got much to be thankful fur; but I'm awful thankful fur what I have got. Wal, first, I'm thankful that I'm alive, and that John Henry is alive, and all of our children, includin' Martha Ellen, and Andrew Jackson, and Daniel Webster, and Samantha Ann, and Thomas Jefferson, and George Washington, and the baby, we ain't named her yit, is all alive, (*dropping her voice*) for funerals do cost a lot.

GRANNY. Half past five! (*Rising feebly*) Come, Betsey, we must be arter gittin' fur hum. I tell ye when it begins ter git cool in the evenin's, I want ter be at hum by the fire; fur it jist 'pears like every bit of cold there is, jist gits inter my old jints. I tell ye rheumatiz is an awful bad thing. (*Turns to Miss PRIMP*) Do yer ever have rheumatiz, Miss? (*Sits*)

MISS PRIMP (*snappishly*). No! you don't need to think I'm that old.

BETSEY. Granny, what's the matter with you. She didn't say *five*, she said *alive*.

GRANNY. Oh! She did, eh?

MRS. TATTLE. Miss Betsey, we'll hear from you next.

BETSEY. Well, as Mrs. Gossip says, "I'm thankful that I'm alive." I'm thankful, too, that turkeys air so cheap; so Granny and me can have one fur our Thanksgivin' dinner. I tell you I've done lots of contrivin' fur to earn enough ter buy that air gobblar. I jist made up my mind last year, when nobody invited us out to dinner, that Granny and me would have the biggest turkey I could find fur this year; and that we would eat it all ourselves. But then I have concluded, that I would invite the new Minister over; fur he hain't got no lovin' companion ter look after him now, an' cook his dinner fur him. Well, I was goin' ter tell you how I got that air turkey. I made a lot of yeast and sold that at five cents a quart. Then I saved all the eggs our old

6 The Scrubtown Sewing Circle's Thanksgiving.

speckled hen laid fur two months and sold them fur cash, and then I knitted five pairs of mittens fur Deacon Jones' children, and that jist made enough. And I jist put it in our old chiny sugar bowl on the top shelf in the cupboard, an' waited until yesterdya, when I went down to the market and bought that air fowl; and I've got it on cookin' now, so it would be sure an' be done fur five o'clock; fur that is when I told the Minister to be there. So I'm thankful fur the last, that the good Lord gave me plenty of brains to scheme with.

GRANNY. Yes that's so, Betsey has got jist lots of brains.

MRS. TATTLE. Miss Percilla Primp, as ye have jist lately joined our society, we'll hear your Thanksgivin' experience next.

MISS PRIMP. I say like Mrs. Gossip, "I'm thankful that I'm alive." I am also thankful the good Lord does not intend me to be an old maid.

MISS GREEN (*aside*). Imperdent wretch!

MISS PRIMP. For last night Mr. Leander Fitzpatrick asked me to share his joys and his sorrows, his poverty and his wealth; and I told him "yes." I think any girl ought to be proud and thankful when she is rescued by an adorable man from the terrors which await the life of an old maid, and makes her the queen of his heart and home.

(NOTE.—*Just here the song "No one to Love, None to Caress," would be appropriate.*)

And when I think of all this, I say, many, many thanks for savin' me from bein' an old maid, oh, Lord!

GRANNY. Lard! did ye say? That makes me think, Betsey, we've got another gallon of lard to sell. It is good, clean, pure lard, too; fur we rendered it ourselves from that little Jersey pig we had killed t'other day. (*To Miss PRIMP*) Did yer want to buy some lard, Miss? Maybe Leander would like some.

MISS PRIMP. No, I don't!

MISS GREEN. You're in luck, Percilla, better late than never.

MISS PRIMP (*aside*). Old cat!

MRS. TATTLE. Well, Granny, ye ain't told *your* story yit. We will now be glad to hear from you.

GRANNY (*in a cracked trembling voice*). It seems ter be the fashion ter say, "I'm glad that I'm alive," so I'll say it, tew. Wal, like Mrs. Gossip, "I'm glad, that I'm alive." Although I'm approachin' my eighty-second year, I yit am

The Scrubtown Sewing Circle's Thanksgiving. 7

almost as spry as a cricket, and I'm thankful fur it, tew.
(Rises, hands her cane to BETSEY, spreads her skirt with both hands, makes a tottering courtesy and a few funny attempts at dance steps. ALL applaud)

BETSEY *(rises, takes hold of GRANNY).* Granny! *(Seats her)*

GRANNY. But whenever the good Lord calls me ter go, I'm ready and willin'; fur I've tried ter live a good life, so that, when I hear his gentle voice a callin' me, an' I leave this yarth to come back no more, and he takes me by the hand an' leads me, oh, so gently, through the dark valley of death, an' when I reach the pearly gates of that beautiful city, an' can hear the angels singin' oh, so sweetly, an' all my dear, departed, loved ones a callin' tew me from the shinin' palace of the Lord; then I know my tremblin' old voice will grow clear an' sweet ag'in, an' I can sweetly sing the praises of Him, who has carried my cross fur me these many years, an' at last I will be at rest.

MRS. TATTLE. Wal, Granny, you seem ter have a faith, that is nigh about wonderful to behold, an' we all love you, dear old soul. Miss Mary Ann Green, we will now hear from you.

MISS GREEN. Like Mrs. Gossip, I'm thankful that I'm alive. I wish, that I could have the faith that Granny has got; but it jist seems like I never will have, fur livin' all alone by myself as I do, an' bein' pestered as I am by the horrid boys, I jist can't cultivate an angelic spirit. But last night I got the best of my temper. When school was out an' I was out a pilin' up my pumpkins, them boys come by an' begun to yell, "pickles," "old maid fur sale," an' the like. An' one actually made fun of my curls. He said, "boys, look at the old gal's curls. Regular cork-screws, ain't they?" Then they all giggled. Anybody with eyes can see, that my curls are real attractive an' becomin'. *(Tenderly pats her curls)*

MARY ANN *(aside to MRS. TATTLE).* I hope she's pinned 'em on tight. *(Giggles)*

MISS GREEN. One of them varmints of boys, then throwed a stone at my cat an' missed it an' hit the cage that my parrot was in, an' upset it an' nearly scared the poor bird into a spasam. I was jist gittin' ready ter throw a pumpkin at 'em, when somethin' seemed ter whisper right in my ear, "Hold yer temper, Mary Ann, hold yer temper." An' I jist said ter myself, "I will." So I did, an' I'm thankful fur it, tew.

8 The Scrubtown Sewing Circle's Thanksgiving.

MRS. TATTLE. That was quite a glorious victory under the circumstances, Mary Ann. I have often wondered why you didn't get married, you must have had chances.

MISS GREEN. When I was young an' started teachin' school, I didn't care to take any chances. I wanted a sure thing, and young men ain't to be depended upon. There was James Binny, for instance; "I love you," sez he, "an' I would go to the world's end fur you." "You would *not* go to the end of the world for me, James," sez I. "The world," sez I, "is round like a ball. One of the first lessons in geography is devoted to the shape of the globe. You must have studied it when you were a boy." "Of course I did," sez he, "but—" "It is no longer a theory," sez I, "it is an established fact." "I knew it," sez he, "but what I meant was that I would do anything to please you. Oh! Mary Ann," sez he, "if you knew the achin' void—" "Void, James," sez I, "there is no such thing as a void. Nature abhors a vacuum," sez I, "but even admitting that there could be such a thing, how could the void you speak of *be* a void if there was an ache in it?" "Well," sez he, "I've money in the savings bank," sez he, "and I want you to be my wife,—there!" "That might make a difference," sez I, "to *some* gals, but not to *me*. You can take your savings bank off, and yourself too, I'm not a bargain counter." An' he went.

MRS. TATTLE. Good for you! Mary Ann, that was plucky. I guess ye are all through now, but me. I will now proceed ter give my experience. I say with Mrs. Gossip, I'm thankful that I'm alive; an' bein' a lone widder as I am, I'm thankful that the good Lord gave me good looks—

GRANNY. Books! Do ye want tew borrow some books, Mrs. Tattle? We've got some extra fine ones at hum in our book-cupboard. One is a most mighty interestin' one, tew. It tells all about a man, that got jealous of another man, jist because t'other man—

BETSEY. Hush, granny; she said *looks*.

GRANNY. Oh! she did, eh?

MRS. TATTLE. —and as long as I have ter wear black ter mourn Joshua, I'm glad that it is so becomin'. I am thankful, tew, that as long as Joshua had ter die, that he left me a little pile of money. It makes one's chances so much better with the sterner sex. Fur I believe as young as I am, it would be goin' agin the Lord's will fur me ter stay single, when I can see it's my bounden duty ter make home nice an' comfortable fur some man. So whenever the Lord sees fit ter send me another husband, I will try and do my duty

by him; no matter who it may be, an' thank the Lord fur it. I guess that is all I can think on now; so if none of ye can think of any other business ter come before this here society, we will stand adjourned to meet in one week at the home of Granny Noddle. Ye may now stand adjourned. Let us sing our evening hymn. (All rise.)

AIR—"LONG, LONG AGO."

Don't we remember the days we were young,

Long, long ago—

Long, long ago.

The fun that we had and the songs that were sung,

Long, long ago,

Long, long ago.

Now we are older, but should not complain.

Wouldn't we just love to live over again

All of the youthful pleasure and pain

Of Long, Long ago, Long ago.

(All together) WE WOULD!!

(All face audience)

Now to amuse you we've all done our best

(Refrain sung hummed with mouths closed.)

So we are soon going home to our rest.

(Refrain as before.)

We know we are guilty of shamming, we fear,

We are not so old as we've tried to appear.

But just to amuse you 'tis surely all right.

And so we all wish you "Goodnight."

CURTAIN.

NEW PLAYS

WIDOW'S WILES, A. 25 cents. A comedy in 3 acts, by **EMILIE H.**

CALLAWAY. 7 male, 8 female characters. 3 interior scenes. Time of performance, 2 hours. An apparently simple plot, but involving unexpected complications which arouse the keenest interest in the fate of the leading characters. *Ted* and *Doris* are engaged. *Ted* is persuaded to save his chum, *Tom*, from the wiles of a designing and mercenary *Widow* by pretending to court her himself; unfortunately for him, he finds himself at last "in honor bound" to marry her. *Doris* believes him faithless. Later he regains his freedom, explanations follow, and *Doris* at last appreciates his heroic self-sacrifice in the sacred cause of honor and friendship. The characters of *Ted*, and the *Widow* afford fine opportunity for portrayal of widely contrasted individuality.

TWO BURGLARS, The. 25 cents. A farce in 2 acts, by **WILLIAM**

BRIAN HOOKER. 3 male, 3 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, an hour and a half. Two young society men, each with an independent object, personate burglars in the same house. The incidents of their capture and escape combine with other irresistibly funny stage situations to make up one of the most laughter inspiring farces ever put on the stage. A remarkable climax is reached by a curious attempt in experimental psychology and an elopement under difficulties. The middle-aged house-keeper, addicted to Shakespeare, is a remarkable character.

ISABEL, THE PEARL OF CUBA. 25 cents. A brilliant melo-

drama in 4 acts, by **CHARLES TOWNSEND.** 9 male, 3 female characters; or, by doubling, 6 males. 1 exterior, 3 interior scenes. Time, 2 hours. A realistic succession of startling adventures of a "Herald" reporter during the Cuban insurrection in 1898, during a series of events supposed to have occurred immediately preceding the destruction of the "Maine" in the Harbor of Havana. The fiendish devices of a Spanish general to obtain possession of the heroine of the play form a succession of "situations" which hold the audience right up to the astounding climax.

DELEGATES FROM DENVER, The. 25 cents. A farcical

comedy in 2 acts, by **SAMUEL N. CLARK.** 3 male, 10 female characters. 2 interior scenes. Time, 45 minutes. *Margaret* is a candidate for president of the Eta Pi Sorority which meets at Boston. *John* has proposed to her, but she defers her answer, as she purpuses if elected to devote her whole time to the Sorority. Two delegates from Denver decline to attend; *John* and *Edward* plan to represent them and vote against *Margaret*, and also to prevent her from going to Boston. Their plan partially succeeds, but it ends in discovery, explanations, and *Margaret's* engagement to *John*, including some other pleasant *dénouements*. The action is absurdly farcical, and very much alive from start to finish.

RAINBOW KIMONA, The. 25 cents. A comedy for girls in 2 acts,

by **ELEANOR MAUD CRANE.** 9 female characters. 1 interior scene. Time, an hour and a half. The Rainbow Kimona is a club composed of seven of the Senior Class of Miss Penelope Wright's Collegiate School, each member wearing a Kimona representing one of the seven colors of the Rainbow. In a small apartment an entertainment is arranged in which each girl assumes a leading character in one of Shakespeare's plays, burlesqued in outrageously comical style. Incidentally, articles have been mysteriously missing from time to time. The purloiner is supposed to be a ghost, but eventually proves to be one of the girls walking in her sleep. The whole thing is a medley of the most attractive and amusing kind in its absurdities and originality of conception.

LITTLE RED MARE, The. 15 cents. A farce in 1 act, by **O. E.**

YOUNG. 3 male characters, 1 interior scene. Time, about 35 minutes. The little red mare and a very deaf farmer's red-headed daughter are both named *Nellie*. A dude is after the daughter, and a horse-dealer wants the mare. The farmer mistakes the one for the other, and the way he gets the two claimants muddled in his criss-cross description of the two *Nellies* keeps the audience in a roar from the word "go." By a startling incident the farmer is suddenly cured of his deafness, and what he hears aids in clearing up the muddle.

FUN IN A SCHOOL ROOM. 15 cents. A farcical sketch in 1

act and 1 interior scene, by **HARRY E. SHELLAND.** 4 male characters, a Dutch-dialect teacher, and 3 pupils consisting of a young Bowery tough, a Hebrew boy, and a rather good little boy. Time, about 40 minutes. The questions and answers given in their respective personalities are outrageously funny, including an entirely new version of the discovery of America. The sketch throughout is incredibly absurd.

JOSIAH'S COURTSHIP

A FARCICAL COMEDY IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Six male, five female characters, eccentric old man, leading gentleman, genteel heavy, walking gentleman, juvenile comedy, Irish and Ethiopian comedy, eccentric old maid, leading lady, walking lady, and soubrette. Striking "situations," climax at act-endings, merriment and pathos. Can be played in any hall. Time of playing, 2 hours.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Parlor at Priscilla Brown's. A kettle of fish. A mistaken embrace and a total eclipse. A dusky prophet. The girl's compact. "I's wid yo', pard, ebcry time." Sharp, the detective. The "angel" gives some good advice. A wrunged and childless widow. The rival suitors. Jeff's plans begin to work. "Curse you, I'll—" Consternation. Picture.

Act II.—Sharp's office. The detective and the "angel." A trick on the Irishman. Josiah gets excited again. Joe gives the old man a "tip." A providential interruption. The "angel" offers some more good advice. The story of Josiah's life. An old man's darling. Priscilla scents a mouse. Out of the frying-pan into the fire.

Act III.—Back at Priscilla's. Another embarrassment for Josiah. Priscilla in war paint. Reconciliation. More trouble for Jeff. A spring chicken and an old hen. A bitter encounter. Defiance. Josiah makes a bargain. Confusion worse confounded.

Act IV.—Scene as before. A vote of confidence. A few more pointed questions. Mike on a tear. Josiah's ultimatum. A father's confession and an unexpected guest. The "'splosion" Tom's exculpation. The biter bit. Father and son. Priscilla relents. "Call in the preacher and let's all be happy!" The remnants of Mike. Finale.

BREAKING HIS BONDS

A COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Six male, three female characters, including leading man, genteel heavy, walking gentleman, walking comedy (dude), eccentric comedy, Irish comedy, leading emotional lady, comedy walking lady, and soubrette. Time of playing, 2 hours. The theme is entirely new, with plot and counter plot, and opportunities for strong acting.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Lelar's mansion. Master and man. Micky's alarm. The rival lovers. A friendly warning. Masked villainy. A puzzled physician. Resolve. "Ha, traitors! have I caught you?" "Howard! husband! are you crazy?" "Have you no answer to make, you guilty scoundrel!" "None in your present condition, sir." "Then die!" Picture.

Act II.—Scene same as before. Lawyer and lady. An explanation demanded. Determination. A love spat. Micky's veracity is questioned. A crestfallen Irishman. Articles of partnership. A dazed wife. "And your name is what?" "Crazed!" Picture.

Act III.—Deem's law office. A pliant tool. An unwelcome visitor. Revelations. A collision. Snooks in clover. An incensed Irishman. Husband and wife. Mental thraldom. Breaking his bonds. Picture.

Act IV.—An appeal for mercy in behalf of Snooks. An arch confession. Meditated murder. A soliloquy. Snooks proves himself a consummate actor. "You shall not deprive me of justice!" "My dear boy, have I found you at last!" Humiliation. Joy after sorrow. Picture.

A WHITE LIE

COMEDY-DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 25 CENTS

Four male, three female characters, including leading man, genteel heavy, low comedy, Negro comedy; old maid comedy, emotional leading lady, ingénue. Time of playing 2½ hours. The action abounds with strong dramatic situations. Can be easily staged in any hall.

SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—Drawing-room in the Bell mansion. Visitors. The man who kissed the Blarney stone. The wolf in the sheepfold. An anxious wife's resolve. A game that two can play. An untimely interruption. "What is the meaning of this scene?" An extempore rehearsal. A white lie.

Act II.—Scene as before. Araminta has her say, and Timothy takes it to heart. Taffy sets up in business. Fiddling upon a lawyer's heart-strings. Pauline's history. The flying-wedge. "I know a thing or two about foot-ball." A passage at arms between Spring and Autumn. Pauline's dilemma. A fruitless appeal. "Go! There can be no paradise where sin abounds!" Picture.

Act III.—The Charity Ball. Taffy and his "fairy." An exciting episode. Unmasked! An affair of honor. Another skirmish between the ladies. Timothy in a quandary. The missing letter and Pauline's plan of rescue. Araminta caught "spoonin'," and Taffy believes that the world has come to an end.

Act IV.—The secret duel. Peyton's treachery and suicide. Bell's discovery and despair. A morning call, and a kodak sensation. The Peach Blossom's revenge. Good news for Taffy. A risky experiment. Bereft of reason. Disenthralled. "Dat settles it; de war am ober, peace am 'clared, an' we's all happy." Finale.

Imogene; or, The Witch's Secret

REALISTIC DRAMA IN FOUR ACTS, BY HORACE C. DALE.

PRICE 15 CENTS

Seven male, five female characters. Juvenile leading man, eccentric old man, walking gentleman, genteel villain, Irish comedy, two utility. Leading juvenile lady, heavy character, walking lady, juvenile comedy, soubrette. Well worked out plot and counter-plot, effective stage pictures, and brisk action. Time of playing, 2 hours.

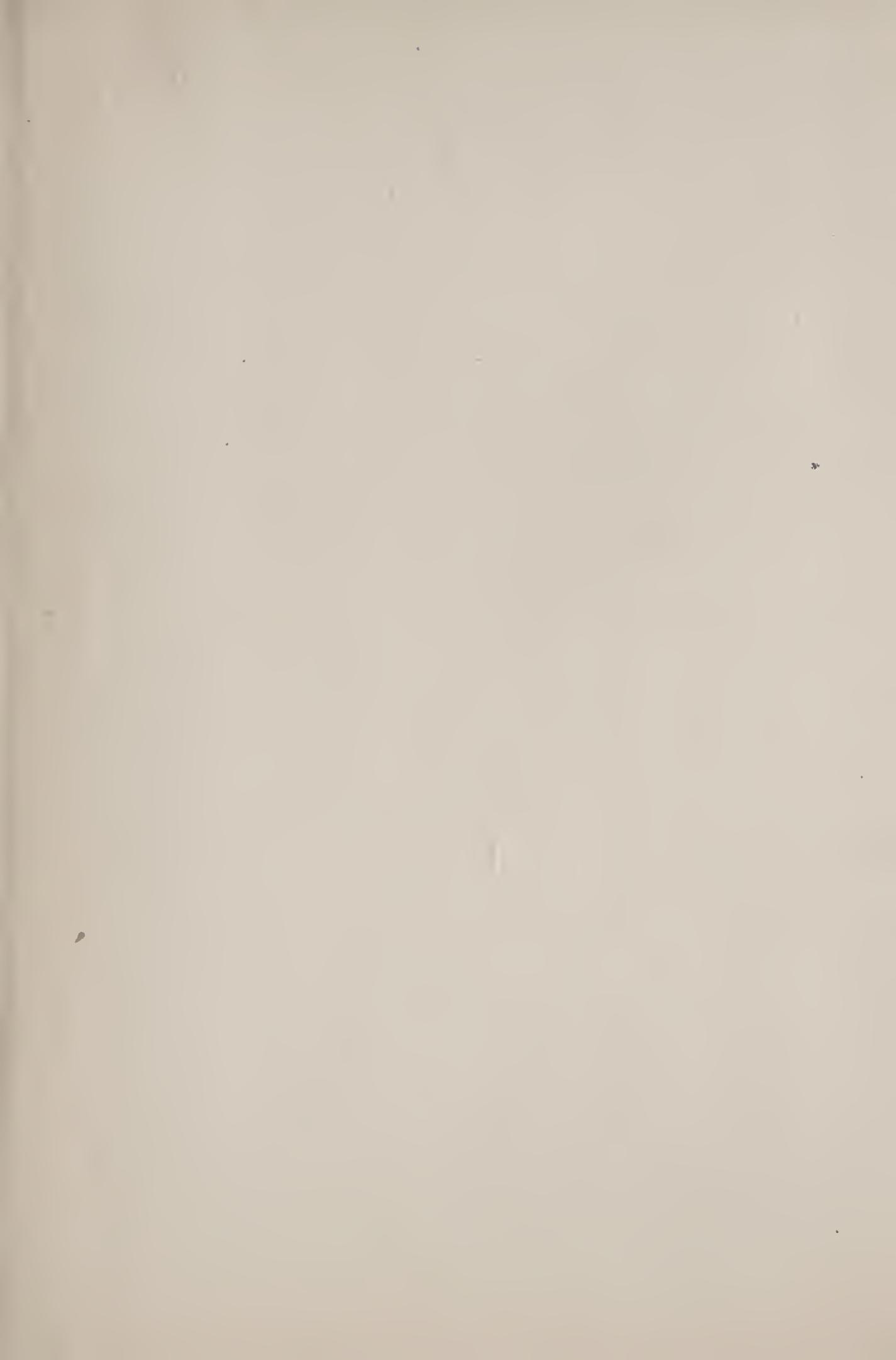
SYNOPSIS OF INCIDENTS.

Act I.—*Scene I.*—A street. The Deacon's arrival. A newsboy's trick. Lawyer and Irishman. The Witch's prophecy. A wife's anxiety and resolve. *Scene II.*—A garden. The fete. Snooks is euchered. A foe in the guise of a friend. The drugged wine. Suspicion aroused. A fruitless appeal. A wronged wife. The accusation. Denunciation. The assault.

Act II.—Mansfield's home. A jealous Irishman. The Deacon becomes infatuated. A lost sister. An indirect proposal. The assault. Dennis bites the dust. An indignant wife. A self-confessed villain. A desperate woman. An aggrieved husband. Cowardice charged. Satisfaction demanded and refused. Cowhided.

Act III.—*Scene I.*—Hall in Mansfield's house. Dennis grows excited. A challenge. An agitated wife. *Scene II.*—The rendezvous. The duel. An unobserved witness. "Shoot, you coward!" "I cannot, it would be murder." Treachery charged. "There stands the traitor!" The Witch's note. Explanation demanded. The deadly air gun. A wounded villain. Who fired the shot? A doubting Thomas. The Witch's exhortation. The resolve. *Scene III.*—A room in Mansfield's house. A wife's devotion.

Act IV.—*Scene I.*—In Reed's law-office. Dennis promises compliance. Dennis and Snooks have a "scrap." Robbery charged. The raised notes. Murder is threatened. Dennis's ruse. The lawyer is euchered. The Witch's appearance. Startling revelations. The Witch's power defied. The incantation. Imogene appears. Reed's death. *Scene II.*—A street. The Deacon and his nephew. Apologies made and forgiveness obtained. Dennis's elation. Susie's ruse brings Dennis to terms. *Scene III.*—Mansfield's home. The Witch's secret is revealed. The Deacon is made happy.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 016 103 523 3

